

Troilus and Cressida.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nes. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulf. The Elephant hath ioyns, but none for curtesie:
His legges are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his enation winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not veruoulsly of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their gloss;
Yes, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,
Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honesty in selfe-assumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement; & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the sauage strangenesse he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And vnder write in an obseruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouerhold his price so much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A furring Dwarfie, we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently.
Aga. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Ulfes* enter you.

Exit Ulfes.

Ajax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinks he is.

Aia. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinks
himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Aia. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Aia*, you are as strong, as valiant, as
wile, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Aia. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the clearer *Aia*, and your vertues
the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his
owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the
deede in the praise.

Enter Ulfes.

Aia. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendering
of Toades.

Nes. Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

Ulf. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Ulf. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

Ulf. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; posselt he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let *Aia* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himselfe.

Ulf. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aia* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne teame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue
And ruminare himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will asubingate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion*.
This *L* goe to him: *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Nes. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dis. And how his silence drinks vp this applause.
Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, hee past him
ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile phese his pride: let
me goe to him.

Ulf. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paultry insolent fellow.

Nes. How he describes himselfe.

Aia. Can he not be sociable?

Ulf. The Raven chides blacknesse.

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud,

Ag. He will be the Physician that should be the pa-
tient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde,

Ulf. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aia. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nes. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Ulf. A would haue ten shares.

Aia. I will knede him, lle make him supple, hee's not
yet through warme.

Nes. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-
bition is dry.

Ulf. My *L*, you feede too much on this dislike.

Nes. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Dis. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulf. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme,
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be silent.

Nes. Wherefore should you so?

Troilus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulf. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would
he were a Trojan.

Nes. What a vice were it in *Aia* now —

Ulf. If he were proud.

Dis. Or couetous of praise.

Ulf. I, or surley borne.

Dis. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Ulf. Thank the heavens *L*, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Ball-bearing *Milo*: his addition yelde

To stonowie *Aia*: I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nesfor*

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father *Nesfor*, were your dayes

As Greene as *Aia*, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as *Aia*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Ulf. I my good Sonne.

Dis. Beru'd by him Lord *Aia*.

Ulf. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keeps thicker: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fie! Kings are come to Troy; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And call their flowre, *Aia* shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;

Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw
deepe. *Exeunt. Musicke sounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Par. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-
low the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Par. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Par. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must
needes praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my

title: What Musike is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasur friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderst
courtly, and thou art too
these men play?

Ser. That's too't indee
of *Paris* my *L*, who's there
tall *Venus*, the heart blo
soule.

Pa. Who? my Cousin

Ser. No sir, *Helen*, co

her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fell

Lady *Cressida*. I come to

Prince *Troilus*: I will make

him, for my businesse feel

Ser. Sudden businesse, th

Enter Paris and

Par. Faire be to you my
pany: faire desires in all fair
especially to you faire *Qu*
faire pillow.

Hel. Deere *L*, you are fr

Par. You speake your

faire Prince, here is good b

Par. You haue broke i

shall make it whole againe

peece of your performanc

Par. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Par. Rude in sooth, in

Paris. Well said my *L*

Par. I haue businesse to

Lord will you vouchsafe m

Hel. Nay, this shall not

sing certainly.

Par. Well sweete *Que*

but, marry thus my Lord, n

med friend your brother *T*

Hel. My Lord *Pandaru*

Par. Go too sweete *Q*

Commends himselfe most a

Hel. You shall not bob

If you doe, our melancholl

Par. Sweete Queene, f

Queene I faith —

Hel. And to make a swee

Par. Nay, that shall no

not in truth la. Nay, I can

And my Lord he desires yo

at Supper, you will make h

Hel. My Lord *Pandaru*

Par. What saies my sw

sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in

Hel. Nay but my Lord

Par. What saies my sw

fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know

Par. With my disposer

Par. No, no; no such m

disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, ile make ex

Par. I good my Lord:

no, your poore disposer's f

Par. I spie.